THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 22, 1800.

Account of the four principal Turkiſh Miniſters.

HUSSEIN, Captain Pacha, was taken from the Seraglio on the advancement of the preſent Sultan to the throne, and entruſted with the command of the naval force of the empire, for which, however, he was far from being well adapted, but the favour of his maſter ſupplied every deficiency. His credit, the means which it procured him, and the deſire of reputation, prompted him to endeavour to raiſe his department from the ſtate of languor in which he found it. All the dock-yards were ſoon full of buſineſs, and the beautiful French mode of building, introduced by M. Le Brun, an excellent engineer, now in the ſervice of Ruſſia, gave the Turks a reſpectable marine. The great revenues of the Admiral, his expences ſtill more exceſſive, and an unlimited generoſity, ſtimulated the zeal of the Europeans he employed, and ſoon produced a ſtriking metamorphoſis in the arſenal of Conſtantinople: but if we ſtep beyond theſe bounds, and take a larger view of the Turkiſh naval power, we ſoon find ourſelves once more in the midſt of ignorance and indiſcipline, and thus we are enabled to account for the little utility of the Turkiſh ſquadrons at Corfu, and on the coaſts of Italy, Egypt, and Syria. Huſſein, Captain Pacha, whoſe credit is ſtrongly ſupported by his marriage with the daughter of the late Sultan Abdulhamed, and by the conſtant favour of the Grand Seignior, does not, however, poſſeſs his former influence in the Divan. If that which he has at

preſent is ſufficient to maintain him with independence at the head of his department, it does not extend beyond that circle. His campaign againſt Paſſwan Oglou was not conducted ſo as to give an advantageous idea of his military ſkill.

ISSOUF AGA SULTAN KIAYA poſſeſſes that genius which knows how to profit of circumſtances and favour. He is one of the principal movers of the empire. His influence is daily increaſed by the favour of the Sultana-mother. This renders him more formidable to all thoſe who are jealous of his power, ſince he holds his poſt independent of every cabal. Iſſouf Aga is a maſter in the ſchool of intrigue. He inclines to the ſyſtem of innovation, as beſt calculated to aid his plans, and to perpetuate his credit.

SOPHIAN AGA, who, like the Captain Pacha, was taken out of the Seraglio, and likewiſe diſtinguiſhed by the favours of his maſter, has never ſhown himſelf ambitious of places, which generally yield more danger than credit. Sufficiently powerful by the place he enjoys, he has become Capi Kiaya of the Pacha of Bagdad, and of almoſt all the Viziers, of whom he is rather the protector at Conſtantinople, than the agent. His riches are as great as his influence, and though he has modeſtly placed himſelf in the claſs of private life, he is, notwithſtanding, one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſonages of the empire.

MEHEMET CHELEBI EFFENDI, Teſterar of the Camp, called Kuſe Kiaya, a bye-name, which was given him when Kiaya Bey, in conſequence of his little goat's beard, is one of the moſt poliſhed men in the Turkiſh empire, and at the ſame time one of the moſt fertile in reſources. He has left the war department to take the principal management of the Grand Vizier's army, to which his credit has followed him. He has long diſtinguiſhed himſelf by being a leader of innovations. He has braved every prejudice, and expoſed himſelf to general hatred, to introduce new ſyſtems and improvements, which he conceived would be of advantage to the government.

Such are the four perſonages who poſſeſs the greateſt degree of credit and influence in the Turkiſh empire. The others, from the Grand Vizier to the Reis Effendi, only act within the ſphere of their offices, but do not govern the political relations of the ſtate.

The

The moſt agreeable Woman in the World!

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

IT is a common figure of ſpeech, that poiſon is often contained in ſweet viands, that ſnakes lurk beneath tempting herbage, and canker-worms within fragrant flowers; which expreſſions, diveſted of their metaphorical garb, mean no more than that ſeeming bleſſings are often real evils. Of the truth of this I am, alas! a melancholy inſtance; for I am a moſt miſerable being, although I am married to the moſt agreeable woman in the world!!!

You muſt know, Mr. Editor, that, finding myſelf at the age of thirty poſſeſſed of a good fortune, and a proſperous trade, I reſolved to marry; and as beauty was not, in my eye, the ſole quality requiſite in a wife, it was very natural that I ſhould turn my thoughts towards a young lady in the neighbourhood, who was ſtyled by every one "the moſt agreeable girl in the world." Accordingly I ſoon found means to be introduced to her, and ſhe appeared to me deſerving of the name ſhe had acquired. To be ſure ſhe was not abſolutely handſome, and her perſon was more attractive than finely formed; but then the graces ſhe exhibited in the dance, the ſkill which ſhe diſplayed in performing her part in the concert, and, above all, the unaſſuming ſweetneſs and readineſs with which ſhe conſented to exert her accompliſhments for the amuſement not only of her friends, but of ſtrangers, made her ſoon a divinity in my eyes. "What a complying, obedient wife," ſaid I to myſelf, "would this ſweet-tempered, obliging creature make!" and ſoon after I thought myſelf the moſt *honoured*, as well as moſt happy, of men, when I found myſelf the accepted lover of the moſt agreeable girl in the world.

Our courtſhip was not a long one; the ſettlements were ſoon drawn up, and I truſt they were liberal ones; for though my wife had no fortune, I could not help providing handſomely for a woman ſo notoriouſly charming, and who had done me the honour of chooſing me for a huſband. The wedding-day arrived, we were married in the town where ſhe lived, and the bells rung out ſuch a peal! The next morning the ringers came to be paid: I gave them what I thought a ſufficient reward; but they were not ſatisfied, forſooth; and while I was debating the matter with them, out came my bride, and, in a voice very charming to the ringers I dare ſay, but not quite ſo welcome to me, deſired me to pay the poor

men twelve guineas for their fatigue, and wondered how I could be ſo hard-hearted as to grudge paying the obliging men, who had done ſo much in honour of our wedding. I could have told her, that the obliging men went through as much fatigue very often for no extra pay at all, and merely for their own amuſement; but how could I mortify ſo grateful and tender-hearted a creature? I paid the money, and had the conſolation of thinking that even the ringers, who went away calling down bleſſings on the kind lady's head, would be convinced that I was married to the moſt agreeable woman in the world.

That day, the next day, and indeed every day for ſix weeks after, letters of congratulation and wedding preſents poured in upon us from all quarters. I was almoſt ruined in poſtage and porterage; beſides, as my wife could not bear to be under pecuniary obligations to any one, for every preſent beſtowed on us ſhe entreated me to make a return; and though ſome of the gifts ſaved us the expence of buying plate, &c. &c. yet as thoſe we beſtowed were more coſtly than thoſe we received, the generoſity of our friends was more expenſive to us than their neglect would have been. But what then? My wife kept up the character ſhe had ſo long enjoyed, and I was pointed out as the huſband of the moſt agreeable woman in the world. It is unneceſſary to obſerve, that our viſitors were ſtill more numerous than either our congratulatory correſpondents or our wedding preſents: parties were formed in honour of our nuptials, and my wife conſequently gave parties in return. The firſt three months after marriage, a time uſually ſpent by new-married people in the almoſt uninterrupted enjoyment of each other's ſociety, was ſpent by us in a conſtant ſucceſſion of balls, concerts, dinners, and routs. "Well, there will be an end to this in time," ſaid I to myſelf, "at leaſt I hope ſo; for if not, it matters very little to me that I am married to the moſt agreeable woman in the world, as I enjoy ſo little of her company."

But, alas! week ſucceeded to week, month to month, and ſaw us ſtill going on in the ſame engagements. "Do you think, Mr. Pliant," ſays one, "we can ſuffer you to monopolize the moſt agreeable woman in the world?" "Well, next to your wife, you are the beſt creature living," cries another; "it is ſo good in you to let your wife ſing to amuſe her friends as ſhe uſed before ſhe was married: I wiſh all huſbands *were like you*, Mr. Pliant." So, between expoſtulation and flattery, matters went on as uſual, and all I

got

got for my acquieſcence was, the aſſurance that I was the ſecond in goodneſs only to my wife. But at length I grew tired of leading a life ſo contrary to all the expectations I had formed to myſelf on becoming a huſband, and I ventured to inſiſt, in a tone rather too firm to be withſtood, on my wife's refuſing a ball, a concert, and a rout, to which, with other parties, ſhe was invited in one week. It was not poſſible for the ſweeteſt tempered, moſt obliging, and moſt agreeable woman in the world to put herſelf in a paſſion, and oppoſe the peremptory deciſion of her huſband; but then it was alſo impoſſible for her not to ſhew, by going without her dinner, crying till her features were ſcarce recognizable, ſighing as if her heart were breaking, and ſitting for hours in gloomy ſilence, her deep ſenſe of the hardſhip of her fate, in being married to a hard-hearted tyrant, who had dared, after being twelve months a huſband, for the firſt time to have a will of his own!

At firſt I took no notice of this melancholy change in the appearance and manners of my wife, though I could not help wondering to myſelf how the moſt agreeable woman in the world could be ſo *diſagreeable*; but, at laſt, my reſolution began to fail me, and, unable any longer to witneſs her miſery without expreſſing my ſenſe of it, I approached her tenderly, and ventured to throw my arms round her waiſt; but, ſpringing from me indignantly, "Brute!" ſhe exclaimed, "dare not to touch her whom your cruelty has made wretched!" Judge, Mr. Editor, of my aſtoniſhment! The moſt agreeable woman in the world calling names! However, ſo uſed had I been to conſider her as infallible, that I began ſeriouſly to conſider whether I was not the brute ſhe called me; and I was on the point of ſaying, "My dear Patty, I am a brute—I own my fault, and will amend it," when a rap came to the door, announcing the arrival of viſitors, reſtored me to my dignity, and Mrs. Pliant to her pathetic ſilence. "But, my dear, ſurely," cried I, "you had better retire, and waſh your eyes with a little roſe-water." "No," ſhe replied, "I care not who ſees or knows my miſery. O what a tyrannical huſband I am tied to!" "Bleſs me," thought I, "what a bad man I am without knowing it! and what will our viſitors think of me for afflicting in this manner the moſt agreeable woman in the world?"

Well, in came the three ladies who had invited my wife to the forbidden ball, concert, and rout, and, ſeeing her in tears, they enquired what the dear creature ailed, while I ſat

like

like a criminal trembling in my chair, awaiting my wife's anſwer. At firſt, " So ſorry !—ſo unhappy !—my huſband!" was all ſhe could articulate. " Your huſband ;" exclaimed one of the ladies, " what has he done ?" " Done !" faltered out my agreeable wife, " O ! he is—I have diſcovered——" " Diſcovered !—good gracious ! my dear, how you alarm us !—no intrigue, I hope ?" " Oh, no ! worſe, much worſe !" The ladies ſtarted, and indeed ſo did I, to find that, in my wife's eſtimation, refuſing to let her go out every night in the week was a more heinous crime than a breach of my nuptial vow. At laſt, after I had undergone a moſt inquiſitorial look from each of the ladies, my wife condeſcended to inform her friends ſhe had diſcovered me to be a tyrant !—that I had dictated the refuſal ſhe had ſent to their cards of invitation, and peremptorily forbidden her to accept them. I ſaw the friendly ladies were diſappointed, and that an " O, is that all ?" trembled on their lips ; but they were too faithful to the rights of their ſex to treat as a venial fault in me ſo ſerious a crime againſt the privileges of a wife ; and " O the wretch !" was their flattering exclamation. " We came hither," ſaid one of them, " to know the reaſon of your refuſing to come to our parties ; but now I find what it is, I am reſolved not to take a refuſal." " So am I," and " So am I," ſaid the others. Here was a ſituation ! and how my wife's eyes ſparkled through her tears at the hopes ſhe began to entertain of her friends gaining the victory for which ſhe had not dared to contend !

While I had the mortification of feeling a ſomething about my heart that told me her hopes would not be vain, " Upon my word, Mr. Pliant," cried one of the ladies, " I could not have thought it of you. Not let your wife come to my concert ! but indeed ſhe muſt not diſappoint me ; for I depend on her, and have ſet her down for three ſongs, a duo, and two glees." " Very reaſonable, indeed, Madam ; and without conſulting her, I ſuppoſe ?" replied I. " O yes," returned the lady ; " I know ſhe is ſo obliging, that ſhe will do any thing that is aſked of her——" " Except ſtay at home to oblige her huſband," was my anſwer ; and for a moment it ſilenced my opponents ; but at length another began : " Well, Mr. Pliant, if you object to your wife's coming to my friend's concert, you muſt, and ſhall, let her come to my ball ; I ſhall have a reel party, and no one dances ſo well as Mrs. Pliant, and I poſitively cannot do without her." " Nor can I, Madam." " Well," exclaimed the

third lady, "you may refuſe my friends, if you pleaſe; but you ſhall not deny me. Lord——is to be at my route, and he declares Mrs. Pliant is the moſt agreeable creature in the world, and that none but your charming wife can play whiſt well enough to be his partner; ſo ſhe muſt come; for I have promiſed his Lordſhip he ſhould meet her." "A courtier is uſed to breaking promiſes, Madam, and will therefore not be ſurpriſed or offended at the breaking of your's."

So far ſo good; the coolneſs and firmneſs of my manners produced a ſort of reſpectful ſurpriſe in my aſſailants, and the agreeable countenance of my wife was again clouded, preſaging a coming ſtorm, when a fourth lady was announced, who entered the room in a very joyful manner, and, running up to Mrs. Pliant, exclaimed, "Joy! joy! my dear creature! it is all ſettled! my huſband has conſented, the parts are caſt, and I expect you to a firſt rehearſal this day week;" I was thunderſtruck at this new opportunity for the moſt agreeable woman in the world to oblige her friends and acquaintance, and not a little ſhocked at the ſecrecy with which this plan for private theatricals had been carried on; owing, I ſuppoſe, to my wife's conſciouſneſs that her only chance for forcing me to let her join in it, would be her having gone too far to recede with any decency. But this hope the giddy delight of her friend put a ſtop to; for, in the exertion of authority I was then making, it was not likely I ſhould allow her to figure away as an actreſs, eſpecially as I think with the man in the play, that "a private actreſs is a public character." "What is all this?" cried I, as ſoon as a feeling very like anger would give me leave to ſpeak; "all ſettled! parts caſt! expect you to a private rehearſal!" "La, Mr. Pliant, you are ſo odd!" replied the lady manager; "do you not know Mrs. Pliant is a very fine actreſs, and ſhe is going to perform in a play at my houſe? I proteſt, your croſs looks have frightened the dear creature out of her wits—only look at her;" I turned, and ſaw, with no little emotion, that my wife had an hyſteric ready primed, and fit to go off at the word of command; but I went on, notwithſtanding, as follows: "On one condition, Madam, I will let Mrs. Pliant play a part in your private theatricals, and on no other, and that is, that you will be ſo good as to teach her to perform, what ſhe is totally ignorant of, the part of a good wife."

O, Mr. Editor, that you had but ſeen the countenances of the ladies! and O that you had heard——no, I am glad you did

did not hear the ſcreams of Mrs. Pliant; for, as I expected, ſhe went into a frightful hyſteric, was carried to bed, a phyſician was ſent for, and, in the midſt of my terror and anxiety, her kind friends aſſured me it was very probable ſhe would break a blood veſſel, and that then I ſhould have the comfort of knowing that I had killed the moſt agreeable woman in the world. But, to be brief, after a day or two of relapſes and languor, while I was all penitence for my fault, and full of promiſes never to offend again, Mrs. Pliant recovered, and you may gueſs what followed;—my prohibition was taken off, and ſhe danced, ſung, played whiſt, and acted, while I, by my late impotent attempt at abſolute power, had the mortification of knowing I had forfeited my only conſolation, that of being ſtyled, *next to my wife*, the beſt creature in the world. My ſpirit was broken by this fruitleſs ſtruggle, and I have never rebelled ſince, nor been ſo prepoſterous as to expect the moſt agreeable woman in the world to ſtay at home, even one evening in the week, quietly with me: but a few weeks ago the death of her grandmother made it improper for her to go out, or ſee company, for a few days at leaſt, and you will eaſily gueſs that I welcomed that opportunity for domeſtic quiet and enjoyment, and that, notwithſtanding my reſpect for the old lady, with me the houſe was not a houſe of mourning.

But, alas! how was I diſappointed! My wife, as ſoon as ſhe had ceaſed crying, began yawning; the lively repartee, the winning ſmile, the animated countenance, that I had ſo often admired in ſociety; were no more; but, liſtleſs, unemployed, and diſcontented, ſhe wandered about the houſe looking like the ghoſt of diſſipation; and had ſhe not had recourſe to a circulating library, I verily believe ſhe would have died of *ennui*, before the term of her impriſonment, as ſhe called it, was expired.

Though I longed to hear her, propriety forbade me to aſk her to ſing, as ſo near a relation was ſo recently dead; but one day I overheard her practiſing her voice with a degree of energy, and ſinging her beſt ſongs with ſuch perſeverance, that I concluded there would be no harm in my requeſting a ſong from her that evening. Accordingly, tranſported with the pleaſure that awaited me, as I thought, I requeſted her to ſing me the Italian air I had overheard in the morning given in ſo fine a ſtyle, and her anſwer was, ſhe was not *in voice*. This excuſe I would not admit, as my ears had convinced me of fallacy; then ſhe had over-practiſed in the morning againſt a concert that ſhe was to be at

the next week, and ſhe dared not ſing any more that day; with this reaſon I was obliged to be ſatisfied, and I expected to drag on a *yawning, joyleſs* evening, with the *moſt agreeable woman in the world*, when viſitors were announced. Away went the novel Mrs. Pliant was gaping over, away went the vapours, the dull eye, the pale cheek, and Mrs. Pliant was herſelf again: nay, more, the over-practice of the morning was forgotten, and the *want of voice*, and ſhe ſung untired till "paſt twelve o'clock" warned the viſitors to retire; but not till they had complimented me on having the moſt obliging creature for my wife, one who was ſo accommodating and eager to give pleaſure, that ſhe did not mind trouble, and would ſing whenever ſhe was aſked. I bluſhed, if my wife did not.

I am aware, Sir, that when a man once begins a narrative of his diſtreſſes, his friends have every thing to apprehend from his perſeverance: I long to impart the ſequel of my complaint, but fear I have already exceeded the limits which ought to be devoted to one correſpondent. If you will favour me by inſerting this epiſtle, I can promiſe that another of equal length will contain all the complaints of your conſtant reader and humble ſervant,

Auguſt 16. PAUL PLIANT.

INTERESTING TRIAL.

LANCASTER SUMMER ASSIZES.

HALL *v.* WILLIAM and JOHN HOOD CHAPMAN.

THIS was a cauſe peculiarly intereſting to all mercantile men.

The plaintiff, a ſhopkeeper at Colne, in the county of Lancaſter, in the courſe of trade received a bill for 30l. 16s. 5d. drawn by the defendants, who are bankers at Atherſtone, in Warwickſhire, which had previouſly paſſed through the hands of ſeveral perſons, who had indorſed it. This bill the plaintiff remitted in a letter from Colne on the 6th of October, 1799, to a correſpondent in North Wales. That evening the poſt-boy from Chorley to Wigan was robbed of the mail, and, with other bags, of that which contained the letters between Chorley and Warrington, among which was the plaintiff's letter. The plaintiff, ſuſpecting, when he found the poſt had been robbed, his letter and bill

would not reach his correſpondent, wrote immediately to the bankers in London, on whom the bill was drawn, deſiring them not to accept or pay the bill, and informing them what were the reaſons for ſo doing.

The bill having become due on the 5th of November, and not appearing, the plaintiff made ſeveral applications, the laſt about the middle of April, at which time the bill had been due above five months, to Meſſrs. Chapmans, the drawers, to give him another bill, tendering them an indemnity, referring them to Meſſrs. Lloyds, bankers at Birmingham, to inquire as to the ſufficiency of the parties who had ſigned it, and offering to obviate any objection that they could point out, either to the form of the indemnity, or the ſufficiency of the parties.

The defendants, however, refuſed to ſee the deed of indemnity, or to draw a freſh bill, alledging, as their excuſe, that bankers in their neighbourhood had declined to replace bills or notes which they had loſt to a conſiderable amount, and that therefore they thought themſelves juſtified in treating the plaintiff in the ſame manner in which the drawers of the bills and notes which they had loſt had treated them, although the plaintiff knew nothing of, or had any connection with, theſe parties.

The plaintiff having called witneſſes, whom he had brought from London, Atherſtone, Wales, Stockport, Colne, and other places, to prove the above caſe, it was contended on the part of the defendants, who called no witneſſes, that it did not appear the defendant, William Chapman, who was the father of the other defendant, was a partner with him, or liable to the bill in queſtion, although it appeared to be drawn by the defendant, John Hood Chapman, expreſsly for himſelf and the other defendant, his father, from off the copper-plate of the defendants, and in their uſual way of drawing bills, and was regularly adviſed of to their bankers in town.

The jury, however, with the approbation of the Judge, gave the plaintiff a verdict for the amount of the bill and intereſt, having firſt aſked the Judge whether they were not competent to award a larger ſum by way of damages, for the trouble and expence the plaintiff had been put to; and being anſwered, that they could not give more than the amount of the bill and intereſt. The action was brought on the ſtatute of the 9th and 10th of William the Third, which intitles the owner of a bill that may happen to be loſt, or to miſcarry, to call upon the drawer for another in its ſtead, on giving an indemnity,

demnity, if demanded. It was admitted to be an action of the firſt impreſſion.

A German Traveller's Account of his Interview with Dr. Johnſon; and ſome Remarks on his Writings.

[Being an Extract of a Letter from London in the Year 1768.]

I AM juſt returned from a viſit to Samuel Johnſon, the coloſſus of Engliſh literature, who combines profound knowledge with wit, and humour with ſerious wiſdom, and whoſe exterior announces nothing of theſe qualities; for in the proportions of his form are exactly thoſe of a ſturdy drayman. To this he alludes in his delineation of the Idler: "The diligence of an Idler is rapid and impetuous; as ponderous bodies, forced into velocity, move with violence proportionate to their weight."—Idler, No. I.

His manners are booriſh; and his eye cold as his raillery; never is it animated with a glance that betrays archneſs or acuteneſs; he conſtantly ſeems to be, and not ſeldom he really is, abſent and diſtracted.—He had invited Colman and me by letter, and forgot it. We ſurpriſed him, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word, at the country-ſeat of Mr. Thrale, whoſe lady, a genteel agreeable Welch-woman, by way of amuſement reads and tranſlates Greek authors. Here Johnſon lives and reigns (for he is fond of acting the dominator) as if he were in the midſt of his own family. He received us in a friendly manner, though a certain air of ſolemnneſs and pompoſity never left him, which is interwoven with his manners as well as with his ſtyle. In converſation he rounds his periods, and ſpeaks with a tone almoſt theatrical: but whatever he ſays becomes intereſting by a certain peculiar character with which it is ſtamped.

We ſpoke of the Engliſh language: and I remarked, "that it paſſes through its different epochs quicker than other languages: there is a greater difference (ſaid I) between your preſent writers and the celebrated club of authors in the reign of Queen Ann, than between the French of the preſent and the laſt century. They make incurſions into foreign ground, and laviſhly ſquander the eaſily acquired plunder; for they follow not the counſel of Swift, to adopt, indeed, new words, but never after to reject them." "We conquer," interrupted me one of the gueſts, "new words in a fit of enthuſiaſm, and give them back again in cold blood, as we do our

conqueſts on the making of peace." "But are you not (aſked I) thus loſers with regard to poſterity? For your writings will be ſcarcely intelligible to the third ſucceeding generation."—"New words," replied Johnſon, "are well-earned riches. When a nation enlarges its ſtock of knowledge and acquires new ideas, it muſt neceſſarily have a ſuitable veſture for them. Foreign idioms, on the contrary, have been decried as dangerous; and the critics daily object to me my Latiniſms, which, they ſay, alter the character of our language: but it is ſeriouſly my opinion, that every language muſt be ſervilely formed after the model of ſome one of the ancient, if we wiſh to give durability to our works." Do you not think that there is ſome truth in this ſophiſtry? A dead language, no longer ſubject to change, may well ſerve as a fit ſtandard for a living one. It is an old ſterling weight, according to which the value of the current coin is eſtimated. "The greateſt confuſion in languages (continued I, addreſſing myſelf to Johnſon) is cauſed by a kind of original geniuſes, who invent their own Sanſcrit, that they may clothe their ideas in holy obſcurity; and yet we willingly liſten to their oracular ſayings, and at length are ourſelves infected with the diſeaſe."—"Singularity (exclaimed one of the gueſts) is often a mark of genius." "Then," anſwered Johnſon, "there exiſt few greater genius' than Wilton in Chelſea*. His manner of writing is the moſt ſingular in the world; for, ſince the laſt war, he writes with his feet."

Colman ſpoke of the Rehearſal, which was formerly ſo much admired as a maſter-piece; but which nobody had patience now to read through.—"There was too little ſalt in it, to keep it ſweet," ſaid Johnſon.—Hume was mentioned. "Prieſtley," ſaid I, "objects to this hiſtorian the frequent uſe of Galliciſms."—"And I," ſaid Johnſon, "that his whole hiſtory is a Galliciſm." Johnſon eagerly ſeizes every opportunity of giving vent to his hatred againſt the Scotch. Even in his Dictionary we find the following article: "Oats, a grain, which in England is generally given to horſes, but in Scotland ſupports the people."

Not recollecting his edition of Shakeſpear, which was ſo far from anſwering the expectations of the critics, I unthinkingly and precipitately enough aſked him, "Which edition of that poet he moſt eſteemed?"—"Eh! replied he, with a ſmile; "'tis what we call an unlucky queſtion."

I in-

* An old ſoldier, whoſe arms had been ſhot off.

I inquired after Boſwell. Johnſon ſeems to love him much; he is ſenſible of, but forgives him his enthuſiaſm. Boſwell is a fiery young man, who firmly believes in heroic virtue; and who, in the intoxication of his heart, would have flown with equal ardour to Iceland as to Corſica, in purſuit of a demi-god.

You are acquainted with Johnſon's works. The Rambler, the Idler; London, a ſatire; and the excellent biography of Savage, are well known in Germany. But we hear leſs in our country of Prince Raſſelas, a maſterly, cold, political romance, as all of the kind are; for a teacher of the art of government, who, remote from and unpractiſed in affairs, writes for Kings, can ſpin out of his brain a texture only of general principles. Irene, a tragedy by Johnſon, full of the fineſt ſpeeches, was hiſſed, and is forgotten.

This celebrated man had long to contend with poverty; for you muſt not imagine, that England always rewards her authors in proportion to the general admiration they excite. Often was he obliged to hide himſelf in a cellar near Moorfields, to avoid being lodged in a room with an iron grate. In thoſe days of adverſity he wrote ſpeeches worthy of a Demoſthenes, for and againſt the moſt important queſtions agitated in Parliament, which were publiſhed under the names of the real members.

Theſe ſpeeches for a long time paſſed for genuine in the country: and it is not generally known, that among them is the celebrated ſpeech of Pitt, which he is ſaid to have pronounced when his youth was objected to him, and which never ſo flowed from the mouth of Pitt. Johnſon has now conducted the Paſtolus into his garden. He enjoys a penſion of three hundred pounds ſterling, not to make ſpeeches; but, as the oppoſition aſſerts, to induce him to remain ſilent.

I forgot to tell you, that Johnſon denies the antiquity of Oſſian. Macpherſon is a native of Scotland; and Johnſon would rather ſuffer him to paſs for a great poet, than allow him to be an honeſt man. I am convinced of their authenticity. Macpherſon ſhewed me, in the preſence of Alexander Dow, at leaſt twelve parcels of the manuſcript of the Earſe original. Some of theſe manuſcripts ſeemed to be very old. Literati of my acquaintance, who underſtand the language, have compared them with the tranſlation; and we muſt either believe the abſurdity, that Macpherſon had likewiſe fabricated the Earſe text, or no longer contend againſt evidence. Macpherſon declaimed a few paſſages to me. The language ſounded melodious enough, but ſolemnly

plaintive

plaintive and guttural, like the languages of all rude uncultivated nations.

Deſcription of the Wardiſh Game, or Public Gymnaſtic Exerciſes of the Perſians.

By M. Von Hablitz'l, *of Peterſburg.*

WARDISH is the name which the Perſians give to this ſpectacle; and as it conſiſts merely of pretty ſevere bodily exerciſes, the word is ſaid to ſignify the ſame as game of labour. This game is played not ſolely for diverſion, but rather for the preſervation and corroboration of health; and may therefore be very well compared to the gymnaſtic exerciſes, which for the ſame purpoſes were cuſtomary among the Greeks and Romans. The Wardiſh game, then, is not ſolely exhibited by performers whoſe profeſſion it is, or who are kept for the purpoſe; on the contrary, people of different ranks and conditions play it whenever they chooſe; and we find in all the cities of Perſia public buildings erected on purpoſe for the exhibition of it, in which the amateurs are accuſtomed to aſſemble, and which are called Wardiſh-Chana. Theſe edifices conſiſt in general of only one large hall, the floor of which is covered with earth or ſand, and which has few or no windows, and is therefore lighted by naphtha-lamps. In the inſide of this hall, there is againſt one wall a raiſed place or eſtrade of boards, with a curtain before it; where the Wardiſh-players undreſs and dreſs themſelves. Againſt the oppoſite wall, another ſimilar ſtage, but without any curtain, is erected, on which the muſicians ſit. Along the other two walls the ſpectators ſit, or more uſually ſtand. Such Wardiſh-Chanas are ſupported by the Chans in the cities, or likewiſe by private perſons. In the firſt caſe, the players as well as the ſpectators have free admiſſion: but in the latter caſe, every one pays a certain price for admiſſion.

The Wardiſh players uſually aſſemble very early in the morning; and as ſoon as a ſufficient number is arrived, the exerciſes commence. The players, having previouſly ſtripped themſelves quite naked, and put on a pair of wide breeches reaching no lower than the knee, ſtep forth to the ſound of the muſic into the middle of the arena; and then their gymnaſtic exerciſes begin in the following manner: They firſt of all place themſelves in a row on their hands and feet; and endeavour by ſtretchings and diſtortions of the

body to render every part thereof more pliant. Then they all at once jump up, form a circle, hold one foot up, and hop round in a circle on the other, whilſt with both hands they inceſſantly ſtrike their thighs. After this they alter their poſition, ſo that, inſtead of going round in a circle, they hop in a ſtraight line from one end of the arena to the other, either acroſs or lengthwiſe; and as often as they approach the wall, they beat time to the muſic by ſtriking backwards with one of their feet a board leaning againſt it. At laſt they place themſelves in rows. Some then take into their hands two ſmooth-turned cylindrical blocks of wood, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, and having at one end a handle: theſe they place upon their ſhoulders, and make with them various motions, now holding them up over their heads, then throwing them back over the ſhoulders, or forwards, &c. Others take a bow, above one and a half arſhine long, which is called Dſchei, and has exactly the ſhape of a bow for ſhooting arrows, except that inſtead of the bowſtring it has a thick heavy iron chain, to each link of which ten or more ſmall pieces of tin-plate are appended: by moving this bow from one ſide to the other, they beat time to the muſic. They conclude the ſpectacle by running round in a circle, with the above-deſcribed inſtruments in their hands, till they are fatigued.

As ſoon as the gymnaſtic exerciſe is finiſhed, the players retire to the ſtage where they had undreſſed themſelves: here proper attendants, who for that purpoſe are attached to the Wardiſh-Chanas, and whoſe office is ſimilar to that of the fricatores and tractatores of the ancient Romans, rub their whole body ſtrongly with their hands, and ſtretch all the joints, to render them the more pliant: after this perfrication, they cover themſelves up warm, to prevent their catching cold; and repoſe after their fatigue.

The chief art of the Wardiſh game conſiſts in this, that all the movements of the body are regulated by the muſic. There are therefore particular maſters who give inſtructions in the art: and it is generally believed, that it is an exerciſe beneficial not only to thoſe in health, but likewiſe to invalids, eſpecially to ſuch as labour under diſeaſes ariſing from an obſtructed perſpiration.

That theſe gymnaſtic exerciſes are common throughout Perſia, and that in every town there are appropriate edifices for it, though in ſome places other regulations are eſtabliſhed, and variations in the performance take place, appears from "William Franklin's Obſervations on a Tour from Bengal

to

to Perſia," where that traveller deſcribes the ſame national game, as he ſaw it exhibited at Schiras.

GALLANT ACTION *in the* WEST INDIES.

ON the 14th of June, 1800, the privateer ſchooner Daſher, Captain O'Meally, arrived at Falmouth, (Jamaica) ſhe belongs to Kingſton, from whence ſhe ſailed about 8 days before, mounting one carriage gun, with 32 men, upon a cruiſe.

On the 10th inſt. near Cape Cruz, ſhe fell in with a French ſchooner privateer, mounting ſix carriage guns, full of men, which ſhe engaged for one hour, and beat off without loſs.

On Saturday laſt, the 12th inſt. then lying at anchor at Nicara, in the Iſland of Cuba, with two Spaniſh prizes, a ſloop and a ſchooner, laden with fuſtic and mahogany, ſuppoſed to be worth about 3000l. At eight A. M. ſaw a ſail coming down upon them before the wind, and ſoon perceived her to be a Spaniſh privateer, mounting two long carriage guns, with ſmall arms, and full of men, ſuppoſed ſixty or ſeventy, with the Spaniſh King's colours flying. Captain O'Meally took his men out of the prizes, immediately got under weigh, and prepared for action, which commenced at nine A. M.

The Daſher's men ſoon got the enemy's ſquare ſail boom locked to her main rigging, and made three different attempts to board, but from the ſuperiority of numbers of men armed with muſkets, pikes, and cutlaſſes, on board the enemy, they were repulſed with conſiderable loſs in killed and wounded; among the latter was Captain O'Meally, who, however, got back on board the Daſher, and was carried below. Mr. Wilſon, one of the owners, a volunteer on board, then took the command, and gallantly fought the enemy until one P. M. when he received three wounds, a ball through his left arm, and two cuts in the knee from a pike. Thus ſituated, with nearly the whole of his crew either killed or wounded, he was under the neceſſity to diſcontinue a hard and well-fought action of four hours, with the loſs of 22 men killed, and ſeven deſperately wounded.—The Dons hove every thing upon deck overboard, and with the few men they had left, took to their ſweeps, and made off, ſuppoſed with the loſs of 40 or 50 men. Captain O'Meally and Mr. Wilſon, deſperately wounded, with only two men and a boy able to ſtand the deck, were compelled to leave their prizes lying at anchor at Nicara, and make the beſt of their way for the firſt port in Jamaica. The wounded men were much hacked by knives, &c.

Inſcription on a Head-Stone in the Burying Ground in Poole, Dorſetſhire.

SACRED
To the memory of JONATHAN VINCENT,
A native of North America,
Late of the Fencible Regiment
Commanded by the
Hon. Sir Thomas Wallace Dunlop, Bart.
Who exchanged this
Terreſtial for a celeſtial world
On February the 12th, 1799, aged 54 years.

Beneath this ſtone there lieth one,
Two Kings has ſerv'd, and victory won;
But now his martial deeds are o'er,
He's landed ſafe on Canaan's ſhore;
Th' archangel's trump ſhall bid him riſe
To take his ſeat above the ſkies;
May we like him our actions raiſe,
And learn to ſing our Saviour's praiſe!

As a teſtimony of regard and eſteem
To the deceaſed this was erected
By the Grenadier Company to which he belonged.

Anſwer, by M. P. of Briſtol, ta E. Sherman's Anagram, inſerted June 16.

THERE is no doubt but that the name
Is ISRAEL, of immortal fame.

Anſwer, by J. B. M. of Wareham, to C. N.'s Charade, inſerted June 16.

THE ſplendid fair oft wear a *Ring*
By way of ornament;
A *Wood* is found where trees abound,
And birds do oft frequent:
The town in Hants you had in view
Is RINGWOOD, Sir, and ſo adieu!

*** We have received the like anſwer from R. Andrews, and J. King, of Kingſbridge; P. A. Kavanagh, and Thomas Whicker,

Whicker, of Exeter; G. Coulman, of Broadhempſton; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; J. Field, of Staverton; W. Rennels, and R. Toulmin, of Barnſtaple; W. Brock, of Evercreech; W. England, Lyme; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; Serjeant Towning, of Fivehead; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; T. Taylor, of Bridgewater; Juventus, of Truro; W. Maddick, of Rattery; T. Jarvis, of Malborough; J. Bulgin, of Caſtle Cary; R. Maffett, of Cargreen; Philom. of Teingmouth; J. Ball, jun. of Taunton; R. Champion, near Caſtle Carey; E. Robins, of St. Auſtell; and E. Sherman, of Cornwood.

A QUESTION, *by W. B. Gibbs, of Mellington, Teacher of Aſtronomy and Navigation.*

ADMIT a ball, perfectly elaſtic, be let fall perpendicularly upon an exceeding hard horizontal plane; it is propoſed to find what height it ought to fall, ſo that the time of deſcent to the ſaid plane, and its aſcent after reflected to a point 160 feet high in the perpendicular line may be the leaſt poſſible. A fluxionary proceſs is particularly requeſted.

A CHARADE, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

WHEN fair Aurora bids the gloom retire,
And ſtreaks of light the orient ſky adorn;
When the high mountain's ſummit ting'd with fire,
And riſing ſky-larks hail the bluſhing dawn.

In radiant luſtre, and with glory clad,
Behold! my firſt, majeſtic to the view!
Its influence makes the whole creation glad,
Unfolding nature's charms in lovely hue.

'Tis then my next ſhines forth in bright array,
Come then, Oh man! full well thy hours employ;
Ere ſable ſhades their awful gloom diſplay,
Ere death, fell death! thy vital powers annoy.

Hail bleſſed whole! for by the great command
Of him who bade the rolling orbs to ſhine;
Whoſe tender mercies ſpread thro' every land,
Proclaim'd it ſacred, holy, and divine.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Lines addreſſed to a fair One who had been ſome Time neglected by her Lover from Motives of pecuniary Intereſt, and a Dread of the World's undiſtinguiſhing Cenſures.

LOVE be my theme! Let other youths
Heroic deeds proclaim,
Invoke great Homer's once pleas'd muſe,
And challenge epic fame.

Mine be the ſofter, ſweeter art,
Of tuning Sappho's lyre;
Content to ſhare her living part
Of milder glory's fire.

As nature, freed from winter's chains,
Re-acts its ſilent ſprings;
And lab'ring with creative pains
O'er earth new verdure flings.

So long in alien conflicts toſs'd
With fortune, birth, and fame;
Loos'd from a momentary froſt,
My love prevails the ſame.

My love the ſame but newly rais'd
More abſ'lute in my mind;
As Kings o'er rebels' arms eraz'd,
More perfect ſafety find.

But why, my ſweet! thoſe looks of fear?
Of grief mix'd with diſdain?
Why burſts that ſad upbraiding tear,
The mirror of thy pain?

Think'ſt thou, with undeſerv'd neglect,
I've treated thy fond flame?
And fear'ſt thou I no more reſpect
Love's ever ſacred name?

Or fear'ſt thou I again ſhall cool?
Again ſhall ſlight thy charms?
Again prove fondling fancy's fool,
If thou admit'ſt my arms?

Truſt me, thou ſpring of all my joys!
Thou acme of my bliſs!
Thoſe fears are vain unfounded toys,
Then pardon with a kiſs.

The vicious, dull, ignoble crowd,
Unnotic'd ſtill have paſt;

While

While noble actions once avow'd
Provok'd aſperſion's blaſt.

So the beſt paſſions of the mind
The envious foe enſure;
Mercy too oft in chains hath pin'd,
The generous ſoul been poor.

Then pardon this firſt fault of love,
Drive fear too from thy breaſt;
For nature's ſelf, and all things prove,
T' have ſome time been oppreſt,

Nature and love thus far agree,
Both ſhall their froſts o'ercome;
But to each winter's ſhort decree
To yield is nature's doom.

While love's Satanic foes once foil'd,
No more ſhall hope to reign;
Like meaſles of their venom ſpoil'd,
Ne'er ſhall their 'ttack again.

Be then my vine, and I will be
Thy fond ſupporting elm:
Or thou the veſſel o'er life's ſea
To ſail, and I the helm.

Thus in each other ſhall we grow
So abſolutely one,
Years ſhall ſo muſically flow
In true bliſs's perfect tone,

That when the night of life draws home,
And thou ſhalt ſink in ſleep,
I ſhall a batren trunk become,
Or rudder in the deep.

But ſhould I firſt my taſk perform,
Poor unſupported vine!
Thou'dſt periſh'd; and the ſame rude ſtorm
That caus'd my wreck will thine.

On a poor Fiſherman, lately drowned at Scarborough, whoſe laſt Words were, "What will become of my poor Wife when I am gone?"

By MISS CARTER.

ROUGH were the winds, the awful ſky
Reflected o'er the furgy ſea;
The bark ſo late was lightly borne,
Now by each blaſt each wave is torn.

'Tis loſt! no hope! no effort can
Save a poor drowning fiſherman.
To Heav'n, (he cries) "Lord take my ſoul."
An angel ſmile—his faith is whole.

"Yet where my ſuff'ring better part,
"Thou faithful relict of my heart;
"To me my God has comfort given,
"But where on earth will be thy haven?"